

Being Kind to a Stranger.

Among the passengers in a parlor car on the Lake Shore Road the other day was a handsome woman, whose husband shared the seat with her, and who would have been picked out as a quiet, sedate, absent-minded man. The seat opposite was occupied by a flashily-dressed young man, with a lady-killing twist to his moustache, and he was considerably surprised when the husband handed him a daily paper, with the remark:

"Have a glance at the news? Plenty of excitement around the country, I observe."

The young man was busy with the paper for half an hour, and then the husband offered him a popular magazine. This entertained him for an hour, and he had scarcely closed the book when the good man reached over with:

"Have a cigar. These are prime Havanas, and I know you will enjoy one."

The young man accepted with thanks, and naturally made his way to the smoking-car, where he put in nearly another hour, but without the other's company. When he returned he was greeted with:

"Perhaps you'd like to look at the latest novel? Very entertaining, I assure you."

He read until weary, and upon being offered another cigar replied that he was to leave the train at the next station, and added:

"I want to thank you again for your many courtesies."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"You never saw me before?"

"Never."

"Don't know my name?"

"No."

"Then tell me why you were so very courteous to an entire stranger."

"Young man, I will explain. In times past when a loafer sat and stared at my wife as a steady job I got up at the end of an hour and broke his neck. This made me much trouble and expense, and I changed my programme. I now carry books and cigars to bribe them. Had you been going a hundred miles farther, I should have offered you a drink of brandy, a new puzzle, two more dailies and another cigar, and my wife would have secured quite a rest."

"Sir! I—"

"Oh, its all right—all right! It was cheaper than throwing you out of the window, and I hope you'll get up to the hotel safely. Good-day, sir—good-day—glad to have met you!"

And that young man with the lady-killing moustache and crockery-colored eyes and hair parted on an even keel picked up his grip and walked out without being certain whether he had been mashed in a collision or pulverized under a land-roller.—*Free Press.*

A Delicate Attention.

I got a letter from Jack to-day—

He's over the ocean far away—

A gossip note about his fun,
and what he has seen and said and done.

I thought when I'd read the missive through

Of a charming girl whose eyes of blue

Have brightened oft in the days long gone,

When my handsome friend they gazed upon

And she might be glad to see his screed,

So I sent it round for her to read.

But there was one page that wasn't quite

The proper thing for a lady's sight;

For when man writes man his speech is plain.

And my friend had been a bit profane;

I could not cut it; 'twould spoil the rest,

So I did the thing that next seemed best;

I got a paper that just would fit

The wicked sentence, and pasted it

Over those lines which she should not see

I pasted it very carefully;

For I thought: Of all the girls I know,

Never a doubt but she heads the row.

She's best of all, and I wouldn't give

A care to her for a year to live.

So only the edges I'll paste a bit,

And she'll have no trouble removing it.

A Queen of the Stage.

"HER SECOND LOVE," AND THE IMPORTANT SECRET SHE REVEALS FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOMEN.

(*New York World.*)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the eastern and western states."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those who none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience: in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and